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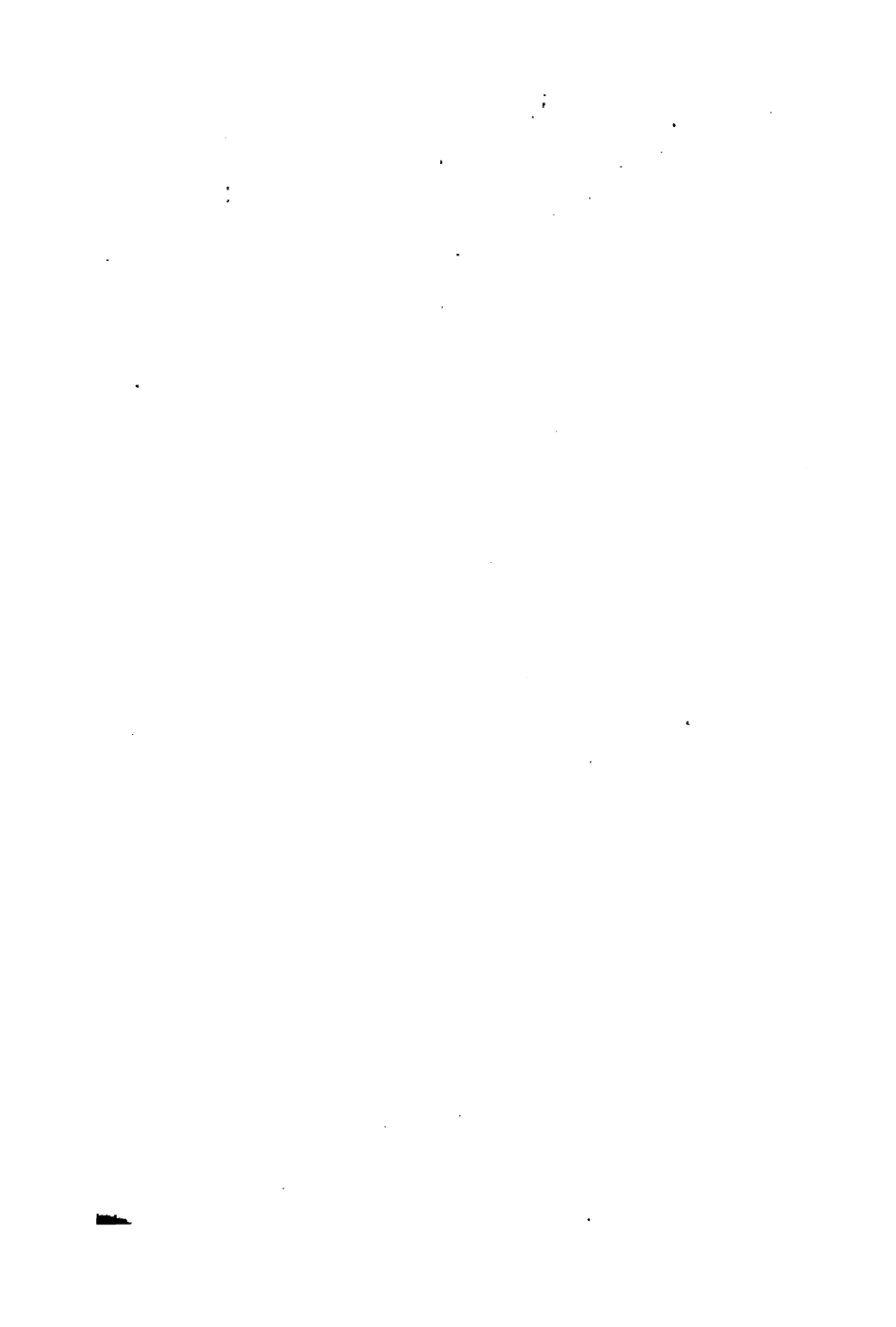
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THE PROGRESS
OF
LIFE



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THE
PROGRESS OF LIFE;
OR,
YOUTH, MATURITY, AND OLD AGE:

A POEM,
IN THREE CANTOS.



BY
WILLIAM LEECH, M.R.C.S.E.

*Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus et annis.*

Hor. de Art. Poet. v. 156.

LONDON:
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1868.

280. m. 192.



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TO
SIR JAMES MALCOLM, BART.,

THIS POEM

ON THE PROGRESS OF LIFE

IS INSCRIBED,

AS A SLIGHT BUT SINCERE TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP AND ESTEEM,

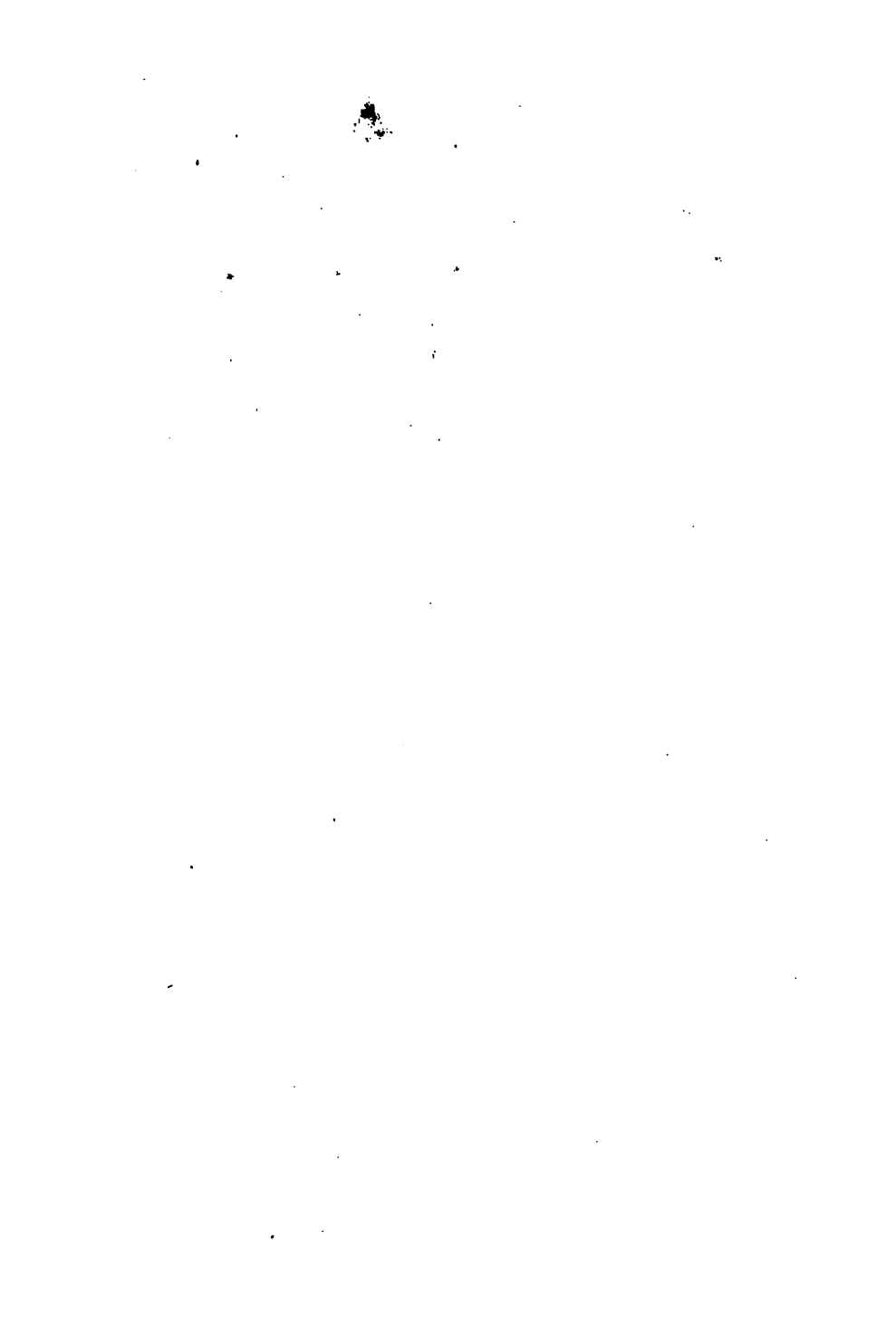
BY

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

IF modes commonly arise in other countries, there is none, it has been said, in which they are so servilely followed as in England. On this account I am not without fears as to the fate of my Poem, a mere antiquated piece, which possibly might have obtained readers early in the last century. It will naturally be enquired what excuse I can make, since what has been pronounced of the drama is in a great measure true of all writings, that to insure a reception should be an author's first consideration. The truth is, I was in search of some standard, and followed the example of those painters who draw their portraits in a classic





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poems with knowledge, united the instructive with the agreeable ; in a word, who, adding elegance to ingenuity, bequeathed us such examples of skill and taste, as nothing, in my humble opinion, could have induced us to forsake except that desire of novelty which has been the ruin of literature from the beginning.

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

CANTO I.

YOUTH.



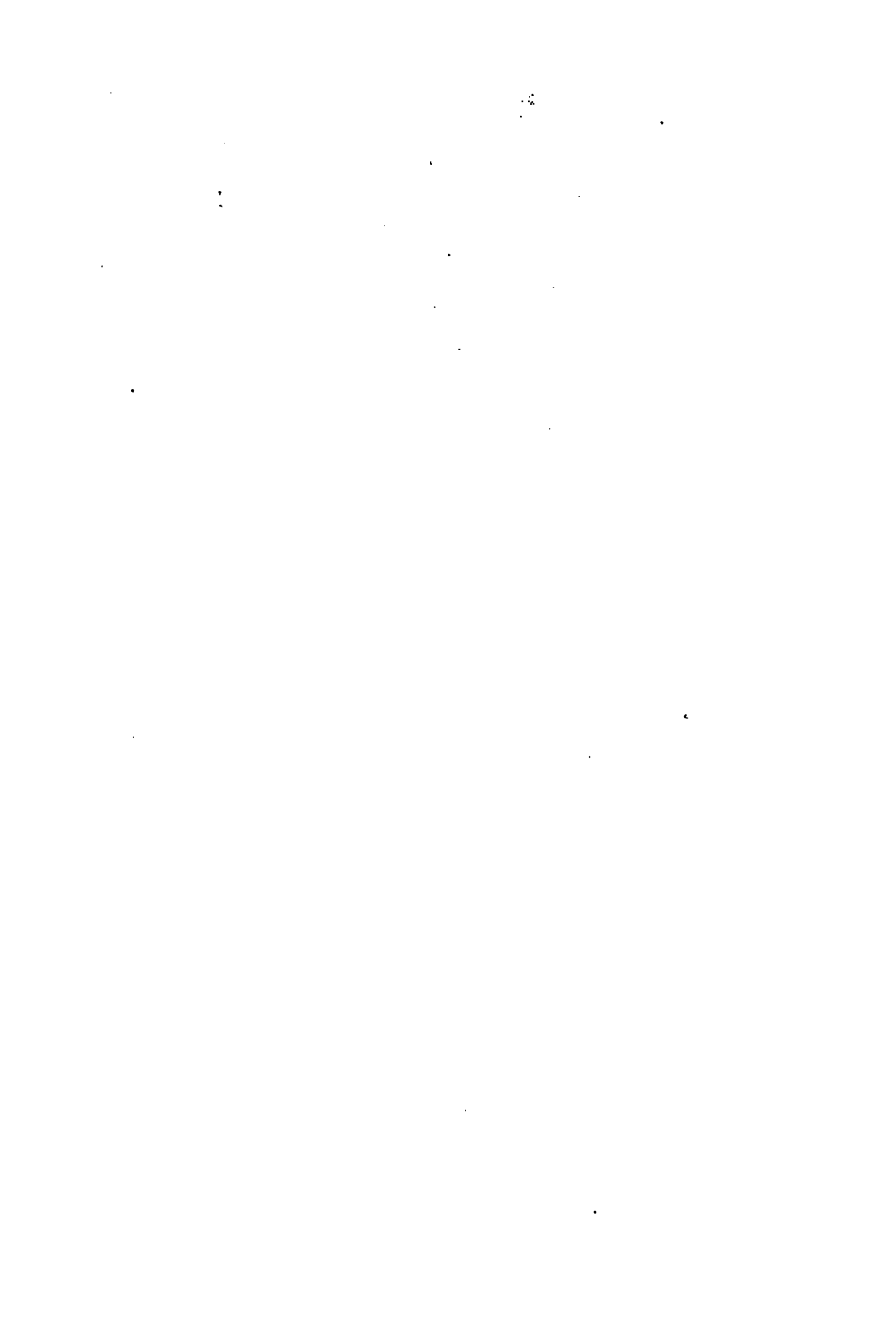
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Progressive thus the child its mother knows,
Laid on her lap, and fonder as it grows.
Each sound infrequent, each strange sight alarms,
But fear forsakes him in her tender arms ;
Soon through the tear the smile returning shines,
And a sweet lullaby to sleep consigns.

So feeble first, and all that Nature gave,
Strong in the parent's breast, the love to save.
The timid bird, to rage unwonted stung,
Would snatch from felon hands her callow young :
She through the livelong night her brood [4] bewails,
And with the mournful ditty fills the vales.
Not with such echoes sound the vaulted skies,
When cubless tigers howl their horrid cries :
The Indian mother hears across the wild,
And to her conscious bosom clasps her child.

Next on the floor the busy being crawls,
And oft essays to walk, and often falls ;





Apart he sits, and dignified of mien,
Where the dread fasces on the desk are seen.
Skilful to teach, each part in just degree,
Who first, with Cadmus, stoops to A B C.
Thence these to words, the words themselves unite;
The boy betimes can read, betimes can write;
Though many blunders makes, and blots deface,
As stumbling science ever ran the race.

Yet who would reach the goal must toil the way,
And learning soon will all her griefs repay.
He reads that hero great in ev'ry deed,
What giants vanquish'd, and what damsels freed;
His warlike arts, the pickaxe and the spade,
The gather'd branches, and the pit o'erlaid;
How strange enchantment had upheld the walls;
Jack sounds the trumpet and the castle falls.
The nurse before of fairies, elves, had told,
The cave that open'd, with its heaps of gold;

Of pallid ghost along the churchyard seen
By maid belated, as she pass'd the green;
Or simple hind that o'er the moorland stray'd,
In devious circles, where the whisp betray'd:
Close by the winter hearth the youngling hears,
And much he thirsts to know the tale he fears:
Now op'ning reason asks a wiser guide,
And serious Crusoe takes the youth aside.
No fabled themes his keen attention craves,
The shipwreck'd sailor, with the ruthless waves.
And oft he wish'd on that lone isle to stay,
And share the dangers of the wat'ry way;
Like Crusoe live, and the snug hut to raise,
Poll and the dog companions of his days;
Sail in the boat he built along the shore,
And visit regions never seen before.

School out at length; and, hark! that frantic sound,
While joy imprison'd bursts the narrow bound.

This way and that, as inclination leads,
Some breathless run, some chase around the meads;
One wields the bat, another sends the ball
Swift from the hand, and sounding from the wall;
These on the ground project the spherule fair,
And these the paper kite commit to air;
Health in the midst to urge the sport along,
Fill ev'ry void, and animate the throng.
For not all lost to life, nor idle name
Those precious hours which fortify the frame;
And this is all but art we misname play,
To make man stronger for the working day.
Too oft has knowledge, with increasing weight,
Herself submerged what she but meant to freight.
Precocious talent with ill-health allied;
Thus Kirk White flourish'd, lived awhile, and died;
Barretier, too, to early fate consign'd;
And what avail'd that prodigy of mind!

But he who infant felt the sacred flame,
And lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came,
Tortured himself, who evermore might please,
His life too short was but a long disease.
Nor learning only in the volume found;
Fair in the field, she blooms along the ground;
The flower, the leaf, more pleasing tasks begin,
And Nature 'self inscribes the page within.

And now, arrived those blissful holy-days,
From field to field the thoughtless schoolboy strays;
Ease in each action, life in ev'ry limb,
Mischief itself is beautiful in him;
Nor studied gesture, nor affected air,
And only nature in his frame is fair.
Onward he goes, and in the sunny gleam
Sees the trout jump, and glide the dimpling stream;
Thence towards the rippling dam, and merry sound
Where the wave tumbles, and the mill goes round;

Next musing by the pathway upward bends
Where the fair prospect from the hill extends;
At distance hears perhaps the hollow roar
From waves old Ocean spills upon the shore;
This, with the fading field and evening sky,
Makes in his mind a pleasing revery,
Of lands that smile afar, of seas between,
While inexperience softens all the scene.

Nor less in later years, 'neath other skies,
Where other men, with other manners rise,
Homesick at heart, he may beguile the pain,
Bring back the boy, and dream those dreams again.
Dear hallow'd seats! and still whate'er our state,
Nor e'en forgotten by the wise [6] and great.
Wide waste of war when Pitt's the realm to guide,
And nations toss'd as on a heady tide:
Say where shall toil relax, what pain assuage,
Now stoop'd on the sad [7] threshold of old age?

For Holwood, [8] loved retreat, the truant prays,
Where he sought birdsnests in his schoolboy days.

Haply some youth whom equal studies press,
His partner now in equal idleness;
Mistrustless souls, which friendship pure partake,
And keep through life e'en for the schoolboy's sake;
The plan devise, the secret close contain,
And half the night repeat the sport again.
Yet bright the scene by no companion view'd,
Himself enough to fill the solitude.
Chief in his mind Imagination shows,
And spreads her beauteous colours as he goes.
Those gilded clouds the summer piles so high
She makes fantastic countries in the sky;
Or on this plain, to his enchanted sight,
Draws armies meeting in a bloodless fight.
Life as endured below so little known,
He adds the rest, and makes a world his own.

Comes Reason also with a restless sway ;
He asks a thousand questions in a day ;
Yet, weak to rule, resentment sudden grows,
Or tears start out, and full the torrent flows.
To patience lost, an instance scarce delay'd ;
And, not to wait, will take the toy half made.
Acute to see, as with the lynx's eye,
Makes instant sport of each absurdity.
Weeds of the soul, his faults spontaneous rise ;
He does some deed, and then at once denies :
An early vice, and when it next appears
Is but dissembling in maturer years ;
For wiser grown, we reverence the truth,
Add more, and manage ev'ry crime of youth.

The tyro now through Cæsar's wars proceeds,
And wondrous slow the rapid [9] Sallust reads ;
In Naso's changing [10] forms next bade rehearse,
He finds a smoother song in Virgil's verse ;

Tries easy tasks, then Greek which Lucian spoke,
Nor, smarting 'neath the rod, perceives the joke ;
Pleased with the roll of his Ionian sounds,
Recites old Homer, and the roof resounds :
Through prose through verse the weary task pursues,
Yet sometimes pleasant with the warbling Muse.

Fair Greece, on earth where first true learning came,
With ready genius spreads the quick'ning flame ;
Thence o'er the sea, as from a height, it strays,
And sovereign Rome grows brighter in the blaze ;
With wistful eyes a polish'd people views,
And who by Arms [11] had conquer'd, Art subdues.
But soon a long barbarian night extends,
And earth lies sadden'd to her utmost ends.
Another race with other arts prevail,
The thin-spun logic, and the trivial tale ;
Knights, dames, magicians, giants crowd the stage,
And nature wants them in a barb'rous age ;

Unknown when elegance and use combine,
The just economy, the strict design ;
With those deep thoughts which all the breast disclose,
As sung in numbers, or but said in prose :
Decried at length, good sense assumes her own,
And classic Europe reasserts the throne ;
Some embers rescued from the sacred fire,
And vestal Learning bids the flames aspire ;
Builds her fair porch, as Ancient structures rise,
Compared with monkish [12] mounds which shroud
the skies.

Shame to our days, can nought this rage restrain,
And stop the steps to ignorance again ;
Shall taste debauch'd corrupt the stagnant hours,
The bard descend to prostitute his powers ;
Romance and novel crowd the worthless page,
And Goth and Vandal overrun the age ;
While failing Art a hectic blush betrays,
And still more florid in her last decays.

Proceed, fond youth, nor grudge what study gave,
And taste in Helicon the purer wave :
Or that kind Nature smiled upon their birth,
And set her chosen people upon earth ;
A finer organ to the soul supplied,
A taste more just, and surer sense to guide ;
A milder clime, where shine more mellow beams,
And softly temper'd between wide [13] extremes :
Or Nature 'self then flourish'd in her prime,
Each image virgin, and untouch'd by time ;
More native manners, which they seem'd to draw
By rules of art, though simply what they saw :
Unerring guides, on these thy trust repose,
And seek the Muses upward where they rose.
Mid no vain fancies hath the poet stray'd,
The moral still beneath the fable laid ;
No purling streams their long meanders make,
And just extended for description sake ;

As when the Rhine [14] in well-tuned verse arose,
O'erflow'd the page, and now again o'erflows;
Nor high-born bard fantastic figures draws
In Nature's name, and violates her laws.

Approach'd at length, he opes the college door,
And timid treads the consecrated floor;
Where ancient halls extend a rev'rend grace,
And solemn science overawes the place.
Beneath yon dome, as in a shrine, appears
The gather'd [15] wisdom of three thousand years;
Industrious there bid youth her toils extend,
For vast is art, [16] and soon this life must end.
The poets please thee, whither hast thou stray'd?
E'en here the father of all verse is laid:
Now near the Trojan wall, with dire alarms,
Heroes half gods, and gods themselves in arms;
Now, changed the theme, Ulysses woes prolong,
And sober wisdom moderates the song.

Next Maro, wanting in a worthy pride,
Still asks the way, himself the fitting guide;
The poet still by his example led,
What best to say, and what to leave unsaid;
Fields, flocks, and heroes in succession rise,
And the shrill trumpet to the reed replies.
The Tragic Muse here summons all her rage,
And sends her *Æschylus* to shake the stage;
Next on the scene *Euripides* she brings,
And full the verse, and deep the sense he sings;
Now shows in *Sophocles* the varied part,
To move with dignity, contrive with art,
Or boasts what strength when all the Fury broke,
'Another, if thou canst, [17] another stroke.'
'Tis *Pindar* thus, as in a sudden blaze,
Pierces the sky, and leaves us at a gaze;
Yet drops his better part on earth to stay,
Some wise remark to guide us in the way.

Here Horace seen on balanced plumes to rise,
Bare folly's breast, and teach the art he tries;
Indignant Decius here descends to crimes,
And brands the flagrant villains of his times.

Thus far of Verse: Prose merits now to trace;
As next in birthright, still the next in place.
Whose accents these which with the period sweep
Like angry waters headlong from the steep?
A Rival's [18] voice for ever sounds his fame,
Who heard Demosthenes himself declaim.
This smoother tide through copious Tully flows,
Studious to gain, and graceful to the close.
With long delays [19] Herodotus can please,
And instant on himself Thucydides.
A native charm in Xenophon we trace,
Where sweet persuasion shows the Attic grace.
In Livy, too, what art what ease surprise,
Who brings the scene reflected to our eyes!

Or, lab'ring thought still deep as in a mine,
With Tacitus explore each dark design.
Through Plato here the Dialogue proceeds,
Where less Philosophy than Fancy leads;
Divine of soul, who from the subject strays,
And with the dithyrambic ekes the phrase.
A piercing glance see Aristotle send,
Strike boldly forth, and hasten to the end;
With demonstration close in ev'ry part,
Exception strict, and syllogistic art;
Who, on the theme intent, all grace expells,
Yet sometimes dark, and rather hints than tells.

Each in due turn, to these thy cares recur;
For freshman some, and some for sophister.
Yet this but part; for here, by Science wrought,
The round enormous spreads of human thought.
Of mathematics mount the pointed ridge,
(For long since didst thou pass the asses' bridge ;

And what so difficult that reason sticks
In statics stay'd, or moving dynamics?)
Thence, with young Adams, send thy sight afar,
And to an instant indicate a star.
If higher still the calculus inflame,
Reach bold La Place, with his celestial frame;
His cloudy atoms in confusion hurl'd,
And trace them inward till they make the world.
Through logic now thy sharpen'd judgment sees,
Its substance sole and ten categories.
With Locke thy better guide, secure to find
Those modes they make, and images of mind;
Displaced each vain hypothesis long past,
And the soul set on simple truth at last.

Remain those arts which slow Experience builds,
With Toil to aid, in philosophic guilds;
Still to perfection tend, and greater grow,
As snows drift on, and gather as they go.

With patience search, and haply next explore
In mines the Ancients left exhaust before.
Yet chiefly these to other tasks applied,
Man's acts and manners, how he lived and died;
Of human hearts essay'd [20] the dark abyss;
(And what geology so deep as this?)
By Nature taught, on Nature next refined,
And shaped a nobler image in the mind;
Wrought each apart, while plastic as it glow'd
Complete at one full jet the metal flow'd.
These blest of Heaven as with a soul sublime;
Chance favours us, and brings the gifts of Time:
By dull degrees the social students rise,
While genius sudden shines, and mounts the skies.
But genius, science, art, together call,
For youthful zeal expects to grasp them all.
And who shall say the circle all too wide,
And but expands to mortify thy pride,

Since Haller seized all studies as they came,
And greatly rose to universal fame?
Though Alps on Alps, on Pelion Ossa thrown,
Contemn the toil, and mid the stars be known;
When, crown'd with honours, thou assum'st degree,
And Boyle [21] and Bentley shallow sophs to thee.

In all things trust the structure of thy mind,
And follow Nature, ever hard to find:
For inclination fondly leads astray,
Or chance obstructs, or choice diverts the way:
The soul meanwhile the precious ore may keep,
Hid from ourselves, and toss'd as in the heap;
And haply too, the barren earth accursed,
We delve and dig, but blockheads from the first.
Yet toil despise not; bid thy studies halt,
This genius straightway but a brighter fault;
And like these stores of wealth what wit we call,
'Tis solid labour [22] makes the base of all.

But profit follows still where pleasure leads,
As pleasure oft to patient toil succeeds;
So choose thy way of life; and all thy care,
Or pen, bar, pulpit, but to bravely dare.
One only aim, 'tis Nature bids refuse;
Be great in all things, but forbear the Muse;
High o'er that sphere where human strength can plod
The child of verse obtains the gift from God.
Ethereal aid, let nought that rage restrain;
Rush forth, ye rhymes; and yours the rightful gain;
For when so soon have closed the wretch's days,
A gen'rous nation pensions him with praise.

But, now, what tumults these the bosom fill?
Sweet love, and only mixing with good will.
Swift at each glance extends the subtile flame,
Fills all the soul, and trembles through the frame;
Youth, beauty, grace combine to bless the fair,
Still fancy decks her with a goddess' air;

Nor other Venus when the zephyr bore,
Seen by some youth [23] who sigh'd along the shore.
If fault appear, commission'd from above,
Comes tender Pity with her aid to Love ;
Or love itself extends a mellow shade,
And each broad blemish [24] is a beauty made.
A longing look at modest distance throws,
He fears to speak the passion which he knows ;
This moment sinks, the next his bosom cheers,
And small the motive to his hopes and fears ;
Absent of thought, as one possess'd he stays,
With sleepless nights and melancholy days ;
Shapes some sweet scene where love shall ever rise,
The earth all fragrance and serene the skies ;
There through the lonely bowers with her to stray,
And loiter all a blissful life away.

Elysian dreams, shall other thoughts intrude,
Or doubt distract him in an alter'd mood ;

Some word he hears, affected air espies,
Or glance unseen by all but jealous eyes;
But scarce reproach begins, or rage appears,
He sees o'erflow the fountains [25] of her tears;
The fair distress brings sympathetic pain,
And love flies instant to his aid again;
Their mingling griefs commingling joys repay,
And everlasting vows outlive the day.
As when the florid landscape smiles so fair,
And noontide beams o'erheat the summer air,
A trivial speck, scarce seen at first so high,
Collects the clouds, and gathers on the sky;
Drops the large rain, repeated thunders roll,
And light electric trembles from the pole:
But soon o'erblown, the sudden tempest yields;
A clearer verdure spreads along the fields;
The sun once more the bright'ning prospect views,
The linnet warbles, and the turtle coos.

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

CANTO II.

MATURITY.

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

CANTO II.

MATURITY.

Now freed at length the college and the school,
The MAN steps forth, and gives himself the rule.
On all sides round extends the prospect fair,
Long vistas lead, and happiness is there.
That careless air the Graces seem to breathe;
O'erarch'd the brow, and bright the eye beneath;
Of limb elastic; confident to gain,
And mid delights to choose his only pain.

The length of life for ev'ry hope gives time,
Those for his age, and these to bless his prime ;
Before the fair to move with envied ease,
With wit to shine, and affable to please ;
Win of the great regard, and wealth to raise,
While merit only shall assume the praise.

Nor, first, fair Science thou thy son impeach,
Who taught before in haste the rest to teach ;
What Ancient sages said, the Moderns show ;
Vain of each Art, and not enough to know.
Familiar this, yet such the latent cause,
And Nature thus in her expounded laws :
The trite discourse in florid accents flows,
And with an unpruned period in the close.
He quotes some precept proper to the case,
Nor folly sees in wisdom out of place ;
Resolved perhaps these social ills to heal,
And meets rebuff with melancholy zeal.

With mute attention thinks the crowd should hear,
So wise to wink, and skilful in the jeer.
His friend the first rejects his larger views,
Yawns in his face, and asks the parish news;
Nor less amazed beholds the scholar lean,
Put Plato down, and quote the magazine;
Who what the other thinks but hides perchance,
And keeps the outside grace [1] of ignorance;
Intent no more to right those wrongs to knowledge,
Learn'd on all points, a Quixote of the college.

In each grave teacher zealous to confide,
Experience only an unfollow'd guide,
He keeps each maxim to the sages known,
Respects thy right, but overlooks his own.
Such as himself content the rest to find,
Or sets a spotless image in his mind:
This worthy man, betray'd some secret flaw,
Young Draco brands, by too severe a law;

And less expects where vice so long had stray'd,
To find some virtue in the filth o'erlaid.
In friendship fickle, hurried through the breast,
Who comes the last he still believes the best;
Weeps at the tale of woe he soon believes,
And much indignant when the wretch deceives;
Grasps at the good he loves, which oft but seems,
Likes and dislikes, and all things in extremes;
His loves themselves in fitful raptures flow,
And as they come in haste, in haste to go.
Incontinent of laughter wastes the night,
Comes gloom as causeless with the noonday light;
Impetuous of rage, of menace vain,
Shows a quick spark, [2] and straight is cold again;
Tries force at first, contemns these tame degrees,
And hurries rashly to that end he sees.
The sudden vows the sudden act succeed,
He grieves awhile, and then repeats the deed;

Or fix'd to keep the secret of his soul,
Bids us be faithful, and reveals the whole.
Of ill impatient, frets at each delay;
Remiss to guard against the coming day;
Prompt to propose ere reason guide the voice,
Vain to decide, and obstinate of choice;
Then lets delays, but not for council, rise,
And hopes to catch Occasion as she flies;
Or trusts in chance a new-fledged friend to meet,
And loses all things but his self-conceit:
Yet all comes back his wantonness had flung,
And female Fortune favours still the young.

But all not like, or in the end the same,
When youthful folly finds a common name.
Ambition see this airy youth rewards,
In crimson clad, an ensign in the Guards;
But just return'd where his kind guardian sent,
And stopp'd a year, to taste the Continent;

Saw this museum, look'd into that shop,
Till the *grisette* had finish'd him the fop.
Let hungry students 'cram' them as they can,
Pad me this vest, the tailor makes the man.
How swells his soul, when scarce the limb can stir
His long sword sounds not to the gingling spur!
Adored of all the ladies at first sight;
But that moustache, it makes thee such a fright!
I see him pass with military pride,
Erect of port, and ev'ry strut a stride;
Familiar nod to his companion 'swell,'
Turn towards the Club, or loiter in Pall Mall.
Wonders to-day for dinner what they cater,
Takes up the *Times*, and lisps aloud for 'waiter.'
In haste with full-blood steed and dog to dash on,
Who none frequents except the youth in fashion;
Or at the Derby his delight to bet;
Lose with an air, and smoke his cigarette.

In points of honour so exceeding nice,
Nor blot to boast it prostitute to vice.
A trusty friend assists his stores to rifle;
A thousand only wasted on a trifle;
The beaten track who trod himself before,
Instructs his taste, and recommends a w——e;
Shows him how men may mortgage an estate,
Or put in pledge that lumber of their plate.
Some slighted voice now hints the danger near him;
O, hang the knave, I can't endure to hear him;
With such low stuff one's 'feelings' thus to harrow!
I'll win it back to-morrow night at pharo.
So, gay once more, obedient to the call,
The dance displays him at My Lady's ball;
Hark! from the trembling strings sweet voices fly,
And soon responds the breathing [3] alchemy;
Silks, stars, and brilliants, beauty round him play,
Till in one whirling maze concludes the day.

Yet Youth sincere ; and, his defects descried,
Still fost'ring Favour takes the weaker side ;
His levity o'erlooks, his acts defends ;
Mere heat of blood, which ev'ry year amends ;
Ferments as gen'rous draughts ; his faults o'erflow,
And purer virtue in the breast below.
A nobler soul our admiration claims,
Which errs, yet oft with honourable aims ;
The mere expedient for the just disdains,
The specious good, and mercenary gains.
As oft mishaps arrest his course, afar
As oft shines Hope, and guides him as a star ;
Points towards that promised land which Fancy drew,
And with perspective beauty cheats the view.

Celestial Hope, decreed the wretch's doom,
Deep in his cell, she penetrates the gloom ;
High o'er the batter'd wall, by carnage spread,
Illumes the breach, and guides across the dead ;

Or o'er the flood extends a ceaseless noon
When suns go down, and wanes the pallid moon;
When hid the polar beam, descends the deck,
And shiv'ring seamen grasp the shatter'd wreck;
Still Hope attends, or to her kindred sky
Translates the scene, nor leaves us when we die.

But flies meanwhile, and Time through years hath ranged,
Who changes all things, but himself unchanged.
Those brows contracted in a thoughtful fold,
Robust the frame, and of the Farnese mould;
The mind less pliant, more inclined the will,
Prone to the good, or resolute to ill.
Oft baffled of their aim, his thoughts advise,
And not the best, but what the best applies;
Correct the gen'rous blunder of his youth,
And prompt him more to policy than truth:
Himself the end of ev'ry purpose fix'd,
And his best actions in the motive mix'd.

Compliant to the mode, the manner wins;
Thinks what the world will think, and then begins;
Keeps his own council, sees the rest devise,
Accepts thy aid, and on himself relies;
Of worth the error finds, that knowledge fails,
And bold pretence among the crowd prevails;
Affects some virtue, or perhaps conceals,
To seem less weak, the kindness which he feels;
Of sacred friendship counterfeits the flame,
Or cold convenience gets affection's name.
With smile constrain'd receives his needy friend;
Bestows, and counts the profit in the end:
For, much confiding, lost what fortune gave,
Distrust, dear bought, had taught him next to save,
Till tutor time instructed to decide
When wisdom to suspect, and when confide.
Befriends the favour'd, to the patron leans,
Nor asks how great thy merit, but thy means;

From rich to poor, from honour to disgrace,
Thy ev'ry fortune pictured in his face.
Some sterner passions, lock'd within the breast,
Gain strength constrain'd, and hid but not suppress'd;
Resentment seems subdued, which but delay'd
Is slow revenge from hasty anger made.
Scarce seems to feel, though keen the slight design'd;
He uses first, then pays thee off in kind.
Wise for the future, sends an anxious view;
Serious to think, and provident to do;
Forefends the fall; but, wanting the relief,
Foresight which found but multiplies the grief.

Of his first hopes the dregs at least remain;
This man thus lost, and thus he trusts to gain;
That ill-assorted pair by Hymen led,
A wife more fitting shall partake his bed;
More artful methods educate his heirs,
And stricter rules prolong his life and theirs.

A passion now, by much reflection bred,
Alternate seizes on his heart and head;
Unnamed of men below and gods above,
A mongrel mix'd of interest and love.
For ever gone when airy Fancy teems,
Ambrosial beauty heighten'd in his dreams;
In his own error blest, no longer strays;
Use broke the spell, and disenchants his days.

Yet, though no transports raise, repose endears,
Home opes the door, and Paradise appears;
The modest matron, once the blushing bride,
The cheerful children, and the conscious pride;
There as he sits forgot the toilsome day,
And the last shade of trouble smiled away:
Such scenes as bards embellish in their rhymes,
And fond Tradition keeps from ancient times;
Ere modish ways began, taunts heard to rise,
Or angry looks disfigured female eyes.

There, too, while busy hands the board prepare,
The stranger press'd with hospitable care;
If such on earth still glads some rustic home,
Far from the sumptuous feast, and gorgeous dome,
Or o'er the sands where spreads the arid scene,
Spontaneous prompts the gen'rous Bedouin;
The ready couch extended on the floor,
While welcome makes it much, though scant the store.

Ambition next his inmost soul inflames,
Elates his pride, and doubles in his aims;
Unslaked, adust, and restless to acquire,
So little Nature wants, so much Desire.
These ample plains might all the wish contain,
But his broad purpose grasps the next domain;
Then plies my Lord, and importunes his Grace;
At length 'tis granted, he procures a place.
Next, mid the Great, could he at Court be seen,
Too blest to bow before the gracious Queen.

Alas content! her home Ambition sees,
And strong contagion spreads the wild disease;
Where wealth, fame, titles, in a mingling blaze,
Heat all his hopes, and trouble all his days.

Mark how he moves, who knows each vice to shrowd,
Bows at each step, and cringes to the crowd;
To each in other sort some favour shown,
Pretends thy purpose, and promotes his own;
In grim civility the feature dress'd,
And cloak'd the galling canker in the breast.
Silent, shrewd, cautious, difficult the trade,
Each act concerted, and the word well weigh'd;
Chaste, gen'rous, modest, as the end requires,
Or shifts the [4] mask, and piety aspires.
But, baulk'd his aim, to far extremes he flies
Prompt him, ye fiends, to ruin or to rise;
Hate, Shame, Resentment join the dread con
And Envy gnaws the ulcerated soul:

Pale, ghastly, lean, as by some serpent stung,
Squat like a toad, and venom on the tongue;
With misaffected grief to see thee gain,
In secret stabs, and fattens on thy pain.

Nor think these ills to Courts alone confined,
Ambition spurs and tortures all mankind.

The squalid wretch whom thither famine led,
With envy sees his brother beggar [5] fed;
The busy tradesman, mid the growing store,
Meets a rich rival, and is rich no more;
Another's wealth the purse-proud merchant sees,
And larger ventures crowds beyond the seas;
E'en jealous wits intestine conflict raise,
And bards themselves are emulous of praise.

In this resembling; sev'ral all besides,
As chance, choice, custom, or long time divides:
The bending swain, whom want condemns to toil,
Plods the dull day, and fits him to the soil;

The seabeat chuff who ploughs the other plain;
Bluff, bold, and restless as the surging main;
The vet'ran soldier, boastful, open, brave,
Yet sly to mix a little of the knave;
The lawyer keen upon the cause to dwell,
Who cracks the nut, and gives thee all the shell;
The doctor skill'd himself and thee to aid,
Who knows his art, and likewise knows his [6] trade;
The grave divine, whose thoughts these cares divide,
To teach humility and practise pride;
The book-proud scholar, whose proficience such,
His knowledge little, and his reading much;
The pond'ring statesman, who so seeming wise
'To see through all things with his half-shut eyes;'
The sturdy yeoman, as he scans the field,
His talk of [7] beeves, and what the crops may yield;
Unfelt those charms the rural scene displays,
Where slopes the mead, and glides the liquid maze,

Where ancient oaks collect around the glade,
And herds sit ruminating in the shade.

But Nature chief herself the scheme design'd,
Joy'd in the change, and classified [8] mankind;
Selected first this mould of mother earth,
And seeds implanted in the soul at birth:
Like fruit on trees thus men spontaneous rise,
Placed each apart, and as the kind supplies;
With outward semblance mark'd, and inward trace,
The mind which moves it, and the changing face.
The limbs themselves, the mien peculiar found,
The cheek's complexion, and the vocal sound.

Deep in the frame a subtile texture placed,
Renit, infolded, and again relaced,
Where Life herself in secret function lies,
Her last retreat, o'ertake her and she dies;
There, as the thread unites, the thought entwines,
O, wondrous course! and with the web refines;

And passion, purpose, each its place conceals,
Volition fleet, and there the quick which feels:
These curious coils let patient Art unclaw,
Expose each part, and spread the plan to view;
Then state the cause, of rage the sudden flight,
What dulls the sense, or overstrains delight;
If fix'd resolve when firmer fibres bind,
Or cords unstrung relax the feebler mind.

The Modern thus; the Ancient sage explains,
E'en such these streams which mix among the veins;
Here o'er the cheek in sanguine rivers steal,
Here in the leaden look in phlegm congeal;
More peccant here with floods hepatic fill,
Or in the visage dark spread darker still:
These through the frame extend their strange control,
And with the changing humour changed the soul.

See in yon crowd that shapely figure rise,
Erect of port, and grey the glist'ning eyes,

Above the brow those auburn ringlets spread,
And in his cheek suffused the am'rous red ;
A lively glance, light footsteps strike the ground,
And rapid from the tongue the words resound.
Untouch'd by care, few traits from time appear,
Whose youth renews, and Spring through all the year.
No sluggish soul that sprightly air belies ;
The purpose prompt, and as the passion flies ;
Now anger urges, soft affection sways,
Or tender Pity comes, who never stays ;
In sympathetic haste a moment grieves,
And instant, if at all, the wretch relieves.
Of mem'ry quick, each image crowds the brain,
And wit spontaneous leads the lively train.
For him fair Fancy decks the rising green,
Brings borrow'd bliss, and lives through all the scene.
She comes, by her each beauteous object dress'd,
And love the potent passion of his breast.

As lights in air, the sudden flame extends,
And quick as it began the transport ends.
The nymph in vain would bind him in her arms,
Another nymph has won with other charms;
Till, soon, some rival sees the swain adore,
Who loves again, as oft he loved before.

Should knowledge of his thoughts demand a share,
He courts each science as he courts the fair.
These now persuade; as other objects call,
Seduced by those, and zealous for them all.
As at a glance, he sees through half the scheme;
Then, new no more, forsakes the dreary theme.
Tongues, arts, or science, what to him unknown,
Who makes them each his choice, but none his own?

Des Barreaux, blest with each exterior grace,
A pleasing person, and a cheerful face;
For all things equal, who for nothing fit,
With levity to match a matchless wit;

The law soon studies ; fills a judge's place,
Impartial hears, and jests upon the case.
Once, desp'rate to escape debates, delays,
Here, here, ye knaves ! himself the money pays.
But Richlieu now, whom beauteous Marion warms,
Would take Des Barreaux from his [9] mistress' arms ;
In vain wealth, titles, wait ambition's call,
To him a present passion worth them all.

Deprived of place, not long deject he stays,
And pleasure only prompts him all his days.
Who at the festive board so blithe as he,
Enjoys the joke, or speeds the repartee ?
The seasons change, Des Barreaux hastes betimes ;
And with the swallow seeks more genial climes ;
Where better vintage flows his footsteps stray,
O'erjoy'd to meet De Balzac on the way ;
Then, satiate of the wit, as of the wine,
Seeks science and Des Cartes beyond the Rhine ;

Till time approach'd which ev'ry bliss destroys,
Religion the last mistress he enjoys.

An ampler bulk next on the vision gains,
Propp'd wide on earth, and like a load remains.
Nor thought nor tumult leaves a transient trace,
The cheeks encroaching on the rounded face.
Adown the neck his hair untangled led,
While two small eyes but window ill his head.
He moves, from side to side inclines the weight,
Full-fed, and balanced in unwieldy state.
No haste precipitate exhausts his strength, '
Who, like the tortoise, wins the race at length.
This day some business calls he well believes,
And marks his tablets, or he pins his sleeves.
His grave demeanour makes the word prevail,
And weighs e'en more than wisdom in the scale;
An easy lesson got without the book,
And who so wise as can a blockhead look?

Deaf to the jest besides though Momus spoke,
But tells again and laughs at his own joke.
No sudden passion in the breast aspires;
Resentment slow, and tame are his desires.
Ye jealous dames one changeless lover see;
A calm, cold, constant, faithful mate is he.
Still, step by step, the narrow path pursues,
Keeps close to earth, and circumscribes his views.
In vain light Fancy sees the image play,
His dry remarks explain the wit away.
No fine ideal form; with painful care,
He paints each pimple, and he draws each hair.
This rose how sweet! how fine what Nature weaves!
He counts the pistils, and he names the leaves.
Thy inmost soul this verse harmonious moves,
He scans it through, or asks thee what it proves.
But, soft, the other Muse forsakes the sky,
And breathes below the maze of melody;

As in Elysium lapp'd he only seems,
Who stopp'd half way to view the land of [10] dreams.
A soul compos'd, let none his slumbers break,
Who never since his birth was broad awake.

Lo, Nassau bids his thinn'd battalions stay,
Stiff in the field though beaten yesterday.
Reverse, success, alike unchanged his schemes;
Habit in him which but ambition seems;
To his dear Dutch his councils still refer,
And, King of England, still the Stadtholder.
Dull, dry, disgusting, his no changeful state,
The rage of combat can alone elate;
Slow, temp'rate, cold, unfelt another's pain,
And Glencoe's carnage fix'd a lasting stain.
Much from his Flanders' bulk an asthma took,
But his huge nose left stolid in his look.
One only mistress (hers some hellish art,
The creature squinted) held the monarch's heart.

But Swift for thee reserved the chance to wait,
And cheat great Nassau from the cares of state.
The King instructs, this way we cut, and thus,
The stalks and all, we eat asparagus.
Then for the wit some kindness keeps in view;
A post among the Horse, he thinks, will do.
Spring, led delightful by the rosy Hours,
Sees smiling Flora strew the way with flowers;
Yet not with these do cunning courtiers haste,
For Ceres' gifts more tempt the royal taste;
The King declares the peas are good though green,
And eats them all before the gaping Queen.
Rise, rise, ye bards, bid Dryden yield the bays,
And knighted Blackmore hymn Boeotian praise;
Till great Macaulay in less tuneful times
O'ertop with stilted prose great Blackmore's rhymes.

What slender figure next which meets the view,
With cheek contracted, and a pallid hue?

The smooth fair front an ample convex bends,
And quick the glance the vivid eyeball sends.
As scenes succeed the pliant features play,
Dissolve to view, and slide from grave to gay;
The flesh along the frame a cov'ring thin,
And the blue veins meander through the skin;
In short succession timid words proceed,
And footsteps follow with a stumbling speed.
Impatient to begin, yet nice to choose,
Rejects, determines, and again reviews;
From doubt to doubt in strange disorder toss'd,
And e're he acts a hundred thoughts are [11] lost;
At length, time pressing, hurries half the way,
Sees something new, or 'tis too late to-day.
Then from affairs some respite short requires,
Drags languid on, and to repose retires;
Recalls with painful care each word he spoke,
Or starts in ev'ry nerve, the teacup broke.

What cause so grave, those looks no more the same
Which beam'd with all that friendship could inflame?
In some stray word perceived a doubtful sense,
Or keen remembrance stirr'd some old offence.
Some slight amends are made; suppress'd the pain;
Or comes uncall'd, and is thy friend again.
Then, all abash'd, will every fault rehearse,
Content with no man, from himself averse;
Hot, cold, elate, dejected, does, defers,
And in one day shows all his characters.
In love so tender; sees some nice defect;
All haste awhile, and then is all neglect.
Slept ill at night, and discomposed remains;
The book misplaced, or, fate will rule, it rains.

Fastidious to decide, rejects thy lines,
Doubts the sense crude, or on the phrase refines.
The canvass thus had best the scene display'd,
Brought forth to light, or soften'd in the shade;

Or on the *torso* all his praise bestow'd;
Here rapture calls, and how sublime the ode!
Affects the foreign; finer taste appears;
Contemns these times, and leaves to future years.

'Tis Walpole here with lively look inquires,
A tiptoe moves, and to the few retires;
Shrinks as a secret wound had touch'd the sense,
Or hides beneath assumed indifference;
Occult to common eyes what causes strike,
His pleasure this, and this is his dislike.
The schoolboy friend, companion of to-day,
Displeased to-morrow, is estranged from Gray.
Feels with an equal force the small the great,
And deems intrigue undoubted art of state.
So positive to think, so fix'd to do;
Things seem to change, and Walpole changes too.

Sick of the scene at length, too weak for strife,
Withdraws to ease, and is distress'd for life.

A wayward dream suggests the Gothic style;
He writes romance, and builds a feudal pile;
That façade finish'd, bids the plan recast,
And whimsical of soul from first to last.
To Deffand now a billet-doux indicts;
An ancient idol next his soul delights.
Trembles to think some brittle *bisque* may fall,
Or sickens at the shade which blots the wall.
Then poets, painters, lords, distract his taste;
And what a wild of wit has run to waste!
My friend, poor Rafter, his dear sister dead!
Alas! They say Lord John [12] designs to wed.
Last, with a doubtful glance reviews the day,
Till earth, the greatest toy, has pass'd away.

See next whose steps with measured strength repair,
Sedate to think, and resolute his air;
Defined the feature, and the dusky skin
Laid like a veil to hide the man within.

No hasty acts his rising thought reveal,
So quick to see, and sensible to feel;
The gesture guarded, while the accent grave,
And much the meaning of the look he gave.
Deep in his breast some purpose long design'd
Shapes all his deeds, and redirects the mind;
Time, danger, change, oppose a weak control,
Fate fix'd herself the *fiat* in his soul;
The pent-up will at length, as ocean flows,
Burst forth resistless when the conflict rose.
Bold, patient, brave, not ev'ry aim succeeds,
Withdraws and waits, he plans and he proceeds;
Who from the point proposed unused to stray,
Pursued so long, prefers the crooked way;
Seems to disdain what most the scheme requires;
Dissembling much and when he most aspires;
Beholds with hidden pride his power extend,
Lays other plots, and restless to the end.

Of speech complacent, politic to please,
Gives with a grace, and with a smile agrees;
The gentler morals seek a softer sphere,
And conqu'ring love is only conquer'd here.

In him has Art her subt'lest vot'ry found;
He labours late, and with a thought profound;
Sees in this drop new schemes of life arise,
Or climbs beyond the stars to other skies.

Napoleon thus, as on the stage, appears,
And hides the heir to many hopes and fears,
In exile long, suspect from shore to shore,
Affects the fop, as Julius did before.

Sudden he strikes, he falls; new plans prepares;
The dungeon yawns, and once again he dares;
Defeat, derision, friendship, fail to sway,
And ardent youth is only taught to stay.
But now from long constraint the Nation freed,
Decried at first, 'tis his at length to lead.

Conspirers join; he hastes the blow to meet,
And patriot France throws prostrate at his feet;
Heads his grim bands, the throng in strange amaze,
And bleak December dark'ning in his gaze.
Then, fix'd the chain, essays alone to please;
Accepts the throne, who held the strength to seize:
Saturnian times restored; a double part,
With Cæsar's energy, Augustus' art.
Mid jealous States abates imperial pride,
His prayer to peace, and lays the sword aside;
Till lull'd distrust, he hastes beyond the main,
Or Alps themselves erect their strength in vain;
Surveys the war where first Magenta calls;
Repeats the blow, and Solferino falls;
Then in mid conquest checks the bold career,
And grants a truce, who saw the danger near.
To other tasks an equal art directs;
His Holiness despoils, and then protects;

In seeming thwarts to prompt what he began,
To Glory gives, and keeps whate'er he can.
Tenacious, wary, dark, impassive, brave,
Still aims to seize, and still intent to save;
Fear'd, courted, fearing, who despised so late
Dispenses thrones, and gives the nod of state.

Last in the throng a wretched mortal strays,
Whose wav'ring look the troublous soul betrays;
Deep in his brow impress'd the lines of pain,
Where slow disease had cast a sallow stain;
A flaggy beard his wither'd jaw o'ergrows;
Stoop'd at each step, and mutt'ring as he goes.
With secret shrinking hears the laughter rise,
Gives the gibe strength, and to himself applies;
Does, who had long resolved, and straight regrets,
Or leaves undone, and either way he frets.
Should Friendship speak, he knows those arts to meet,
And in each council sees some sly deceit;

Its bright allurements from each object strips,
And earth seems wrapt as in a drear eclipse
Yet, slow, sagacious, keeps a sober state,
Acute of wit, and deep to penetrate.

Disease chief danger to his bosom brought,
And death still present to his dismal thought.
Some mortal dies; he shrinks with sudden smart,
And begs the skilful to explore the part.
Expell'd his doubts, infection fills the breeze,
And still each fancy breeds a fresh disease.
Or some chief error overaws the rest,
By day distracted, and by night oppress'd.
'Tis idle all, but thence new griefs surprise;
And Madness! stay, 'tis there the terror lies.
From short repose, if such repose may seem,
He starts, astonish'd at some dreadful dream:
Flame lurid lights, dilates a doleful sound,
Fiends shriek their joy, and wildly dance around:

Confusion comes, he grasps the dagger near,
And hurries to the deed, to fly the [13] fear.

Or, staid his hand, to rage alone gives rise,
All fear forgets, and fellow converse flies;
As once [14] Bellerophon indulged his pains,
And wander'd pensive through Aleian plains;
To distant shores, to caves, to rocks he goes,
While startled Echo iterates his woes;
Bays the pale moon, amid the ruin raves,
Frequents with [15] wolves, and howls along the graves.

Sad Rousseau see through winding prospects roves,
Autumnal shades, and solitary groves;
Starts as each sound his timid soul deceives,
Some bird perhaps had flutter'd in the leaves.
'I came on earth, alas the day!' he cries,
'And life the first of all my miseries.'
As in a maze Romance next leads his years,
With causeless transports, check'd by causeless tears.

Some deep disease his youth alone withstood,
Which at the fountain stopp'd the crimson flood;
The livelong night successive doubts appear,
While Death sits close, and murmuring in his ear.
The Doctors wond'ring heard him much complain,
They felt his pulse, but he alone the pain:
Nor all remain'd of what he once endured,
Some pleasure and the Pont-du-Gard had cured.

New shapes of terror, 'all unite in hate,
E'en kings combined to seal poor Rousseau's fate.
So gentle once, with so sincere a mind,
The common scorn, and outcast of mankind;
Nor friend, relation, foes alone remain,
E'en Pity artful to disguise the pain.
Assassin! monster! will such rancour cease,
Or this a dream, and I shall wake to peace?
Ah, no, my folly too much insult gave,
And when pursued vindictive man to save?

Ye demons, come, give all your gall to rise,
And add each art which hell to earth supplies;
Another age, when felt the final blow,
Will plead my cause, and Justice speak below.
Yet vain the thought, where ev'ry ill prolongs,
They 'll blot out all these records of my wrongs;
Fair fame on earth not innocence can save,
And hate immortal desecrates the grave.
Strike, malice, strike, at length thy worst decreed,
And robb'd the joy to see this bosom bleed;
Me, tranquil, me this wretched self will spare,
And hope and fear respect my safe despair.'

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

• CANTO III.

OLD AGE.

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CANTO III.

OLD AGE.

As some poor peasant chance constrain'd to roam,
Walks the long way, and seeks his hamlet home;
Cheerful at first, who with the lark arose,
Fatigue unfelt, and with a song he goes;
But now, scarce pass'd when noonday fervours shine,
His strength forsakes him, and his hopes decline;
At length, with night, by gath'ring ills oppress'd,
The shed receives him, and he sinks to rest.

E'en thus through life we pass the toilsome way,
So blithe in youth, and live a longer day;
Soon waste this prime, and all at last we save
A place of rest, and find it in the grave.

Now thinner tresses leave the temple bare,
And deeper in the brow the lines of care;
The clouded skin as with a coarser grain,
The shoulder droops, and stiffer limbs sustain.
Strength, which first rose, by equal law decreed,
Declines, and sickness next has sown the seed;
Less ardent comes, and with diminish'd pains,
Insidious strikes, and in the wound remains:
Thence fears succeeding fresh disquiet give,
And half the business of his life to live.
A fretful now, a sadder look remains,
And sluggish currents course along the veins.
Time crept unseen, till chance the secret told;
So soon, he wonders that the man grows old.

In haste to live, and pleased so many pass'd,
Slow toil'd his years, but now they fly too fast;
More serious thoughts to coming days extend,
And life itself, alas! will have an end.
Less on himself, on others less relies,
Looks anxious round, and sees but dangers rise;
His pride of parts, expected honours fled,
Chagrin and grief fill all the man instead.
If Fortune frown, too late her smiles to win;
Reviews his life, and would again begin.
Unguarded youth, see whence these griefs extend;
There passion err'd, and prudence could defend.
Or all possess'd which he had ask'd before,
The gift deprived of half the gloss it wore.

Excursive Hope which once in air so bright,
Flops her slow wings, and scarce essays the flight;
Forsakes each region which extended fair,
Fields fresh to view, and still serene the air;

The distant people, and the pictured scene,
Birds bright of plume, and groves forever green;
Or land long found, by classic coasts confined,
Dear to the dream, and with a sigh resign'd:
The plain where Athens shed her patriot blood,
Where Rome in ruins, or where Ilion [1] stood:
These Hope shall see ere every purpose past,
Till falt'ring age unveils the truth at last.

No more, as once, Imagination strays,
Breathes vernal airs, and beautifies his days;
Creates the happiness she ceased to find,
And peoples all the prospect of the mind;
The smiling future half to view confess'd,
While with seductive skill conceal'd the rest.
So changed the scene, extends a barren shade,
And sick'ning Fancy sees the landscape fade;
Cold Reason next the stricter picture draws,
Amid her sorrows age, nor hides the cause:

A friend long tried, some quarrel now begun,
A daughter sick, or disobedient son;
Some thoughtless deed, the watchful parent frown'd;
Alas! the youth, who stole to sea, is drown'd;
O, my lost son! the frantic father cries,
And earth a blank before his streaming eyes;
Or pride upholds, the boy in battle slain,
When grief redoubling soon o'erflows again.
No fresh fed hope the pensive bosom cheers,
And with a deep'ning gloom conclude his years.

To coming days as youth the gaze still cast,
Age looks again along the vale it pass'd.
There on that lawn, and by that lake he stood,
Eyed those far hills, and roam'd to yonder wood.
Sweet scenes, where joy, as streams perennial stray,
Seems still renew'd, and still to glide away.
The task, the school, each pain he felt before,
Age kindly views, and 'tis a pain no more;

Those blotted pages time has taught to prize,
And dear that dogleaved schoolbook to his eyes.
His early loves, his friendships, bids recall,
And with a mingling sadness sees them all.

So large the promise, slight the tribute paid,
In haste so often, who so oft delay'd,
The pleasure fleeting which distinction brought,
And sorrow in the end of all he sought,
At length those wishes which in youth so high
Contented with a crude utility :
Doubt takes the place where confidence before,
And all the vast of purpose cheats no more.
That pride so great, now modesty, o'erthrown,
And friendship narrow'd to himself alone ;
Yet wants not pity when afflictions press,
Thinks of his own, and feels for thy distress.
Suspicion, jealousy, last hate appear,
And malice in the mind is mix'd with fear.

Still fails the Frame, but Thought retains the strength,
And Judgement seems to seize the throne at length;
With staid indifference the throng reviews,
And undisturb'd the selfish scheme pursues.
Experience this, this precedent provides,
Here caution hints, and knowledge thus decides.
Guards against chance, each ardent act restrains;
And much concludes is done though much remains.
The longest oft decides the safest way,
And Fabian prudence recommends delay;
Meanwhile Occasion, while new doubts surprise,
Wafts on unwearied plumes, and flies and flies.
A copious speech each order'd part displays,
For ease of language is the gift of days.
Invention feebler, check'd poetic rage,
And heated Homer cools in his old age.

But some short joy e'en languid age requires,
And gather'd embers still conceal his fires.

Venus, fair Queen, (what clime for her too cold?)
Who ruled his calid youth, now rules him old ;
Her sparrow present, while departs her dove,
And sordid lust assumes the place of love :
The jaded passion soon arrests its flight,
And thoughts obscene, which raised, disturb delight.
His prime long past, the stripling maid would wed,
As Theseus old found infant Helen's bed ;
So much a gen'rous heat, depraved by time,
Sinks in the soul, and is at length a crime.
Joy in her wild excess no more allures,
Or chaste of life when dull distaste secures ;
When phthisic virtue hath prescribed the rule,
And years have made the Stoic, not the school.

As Love withdraws, next Wealth displays her charms ;
He clasps the glitt'ring idol in his arms.
Nor health nor strength, yet bid not age despond,
These crippled hands at least can hold the bond.

Of youthful folly sums the large expense,
And what vast savings come with impotence;
The mortgage closes, counts of stocks the price,
And finds old age just suit with avarice.

Wealth which, like Sway, would wider bounds extend,
But sees, like Sway, increasing cares defend :
A fated bulimy which more would get ;
Another million, and insatiate yet.
Piled up by day, by night he guards the heap,
And thinks his gold more precious than his [2] sleep.
Blest could he lose, with so much ardour sought,
His gains so great with all the griefs they brought.
The sharp attorney here the flaw detects,
While much his art he owns, and much suspects.
Each new device his vigilance defeats,
The servant pilfers, and the agent cheats.
Meanwhile fresh plans of profit crowd the dream,
The teeming mine, and the projector's scheme ;

Or ampler gains before the gaze expand,
Should dearths ensue, and God chastise the land.
Yet crops may grow; and left at last to choose
Between the greed to get, and dread to lose.

A friend salutes; he fears some favour seeks;
'To borrow' hid beneath each word he speaks;
Asks of his health; suspicion clouds his eye;
'In haste, no doubt, to grasp the legacy.'
The vicar calls; no selfish aims have brought;
Benevolence herself suggests each thought;
Such whose each act might redirect our lives,
And in romance of former days survives:
Old Gniphon waits him with a smother'd sigh,
And d—ns, unheard, the Church and Charity.

Illnatured, peevish, as impell'd by fate,
A cruel master, an unsocial mate;
A childless wretch, (so much the richer he,
And saved the charges of a family;)

His inmost soul by base distrust o'ercast,
Ask him what good awaits him at the last.
Contemn'd, cursed, hated, this perhaps thy pride,
On 'Change they'll count how rich a man I died.'
Saved so much wealth, 'tis time at length to spend;
Bestir, old man, thy journey soon will end;
Nor needs that vast viaticum to save,
When Nature bids thee hobble to the grave.
Mid all these stores, these wide demesnes, his lot
To want that which he has, and what has not;
This lord by title is the slave oppress'd,
And not possessing, but by wealth [3] possess'd;
With jealous eye the virgin pile explores,
And fears to violate all he adores.
The cloak scarce wraps him in a threadbare fold,
No brand dispels, the pane admits the cold;
A flock-patch'd bed in knots annoys his sides,
Shrunk to the scanty meal his thrift divides.

What sacred penance, or what rage incites,
At war with Nature in her appetites ?
Against himself the door to succour shuts,
And stands on guard against rebellious guts.
Conceals, counts, spares, till sickness seals his fate,
Then at one dash dispenses his estate ;
Wills what is scarce his own who now must die,
Nor learns the great 'to give' from Peabody ;
In human hearts the monument to raise,
And get from gratitude eternal praise.

One help awaits ; but touch those gilded heaps,
Abundance comes with all the good she keeps.
Lo ! at her call fresh viands fill the board,
Those ancient wines penurious toil had stored ;
For needful raiment barter'd needless wealth,
And, more than all thy treasure, needful health. '
'Tis madness only bids the aid refuse ;
For know just so much thine as thou canst use ;

And all the gold conceal'd in yonder chest
Beyond thy wants electro-plate at best.
Be rich at length; and since new joys allure,
Remember with thyself the other poor;
Thy trembling soul so long in doubt hath stood,
Give it reluctant, and in part be good,
The fainting wretch restored, at heart detest,
And one good deed put out at interest;
Then think when with a pang reduced the store,
That God will make thee richer than before.

Or manifest at length this pain of pelf,
Which for the sake of mammon robb'd thyself,
Come, tutor'd age, instruct the young to live,
And with much sage advice, some substance give.
Hath Fortune left some worthy friend decay'd,
Be thine to rectify the wrong she made.
This time-tried servant be with favour view'd,
And made a rent-charge on thy gratitude.

Gifts these delight, to these be kindness shown,
And in the good conferr'd secure thy own.

With those as time prolongs make glad the day,
With these divert the tædium of the way:
Once more in studies of thy youth engage,
Reserved an innocent resource to age;
Review the part intrepid manhood bore,
All that achieved, or that endured before;
What scenes at home, what distant climes display'd,
The manners noted, and the arts survey'd.
Some recreation to thine ev'ning give,
And now begin, who but prepared to live.
Leave to the throng to dig more early graves,
And think the great but honourable slaves.
With idle hopes, resign'd as idle fears,
Content the treasure of thy wiser years;
Be thine own friend, [4] the fruitful present share,
Nor add another to the load of care.

Blest who in youth prepares with sturdy toil,
And leaves old age to gather in the spoil;
Who sweet remembrance of good actions keeps,
And of a life well spent the harvest reaps.
Lord of the past, assign'd a tranquil sway,
Scarce Fortune now can snatch the good away;
Uncourted fame to fellow man endears,
And in her deep recesses conscience cheers.
Him, the reward of virtue, honours wait,
With worthy commerce of the wise and great;
The gather'd crowd a common homage pays,
And, last, [5] Authority hath crown'd his days.

Celestial Might, O make mankind thy care,
Instruct to ask, and hear the poet's prayer:
Grant me mid joys like these to sooth the mind
When age o'ertakes me, with a will resign'd;
These first, a few fair fields the next bestow,
With but a brook along the vale to go.

To more ambitious minds give greater pains,
And make the stewards on their own domains;
The mean in all things, this my rule to live,
And not so poor that I have none to give;
A modest mansion mine, and on the shelf
Books which disclose, and teach to guide myself;
Some work of art, not costly toy, shall shine,
And Tully's Tusculum be less in mine;
While, not unletter'd, some familiar led,
Shall talk the moral to the time of bed.

A garden give, well fenced on three sides round,
My cottage wall itself the fourth will bound.
Be Nature here in ev'ry fruit display'd,
Here wind the walk, and deepen here the shade;
Translucent here the living fount shall flow,
And still Narcissus eye the nymph below;
In British plains the modest primrose sought,
And, thine fair Tempe, be the [6] lily brought:

Be mine mid these, as years increase, to rove,
And mine the unbought concert of the grove;
The Spring shall thoughts of opening life convey,
And Autumn teach the lesson of decay;
For three successive seasons all we save,
And torpid Winter withers on the grave.

Here, in her native seat, shall Health reside,
And give the zest to ev'ry good beside.
Thee absent, lovely maid, the fields decay,
And tasteless fruits the drooping trees display;
Wit tries her flights in vain, good humour fails,
And discontent o'er all the lawn prevails.
The ambient breeze shall give my days increase,
With voluntary toil, to urge or cease;
The sun salute me as he mounts to view,
And primitive repasts my strength renew;
A cheerful mind, when stormy transports fail,
With social love shall next impel the sail;

My time-tried bark partake the ebbing tide,
And down the sea of life securely glide.

His youth Cornaro unrestrain'd enjoys,
And peace of mind with strength of limb destroys;
Scarce at mid journey of this life arrives,
And only wonders that he yet survives;
Reviews each wild delight abused before,
And trusts sobriety may yet restore;
Before satiety the dish declines,
And ere the pleasure palls pursuit resigns:
Bids rest with labour equal periods keep,
These hours to waking gives, and these to sleep:
O'er each dread malady his rules prevail,
And thus at [7] ninety he recounts the tale;
In prime of years some timely hints would give,
How boys at fifty should begin to live;
His mem'ry strong, his mind by knowledge fed,
And the calm dream from pure digestion bred.

Now to the distant hills his joy to roam,
Now strolls around, and is content at home;
'Tween business, pastime, the full day divides,
Reads, writes, converses, or he walks or rides;
As tragic Sophocles in age had writ,
In comic scenes Cornaro shows his wit;
Contrives the pleasing, or suggests the great,
How raise the mole, and how defend the State.
His children's children, theirs begun to grow,
An immortality commenced below;
Who now on earth one hundred years had kept,
Laid himself down, and did not die, but slept.

At length the senior all his strength forsakes,
Old age confess'd in each slow step he takes;
Lost the long stride and manly port he bore,
The bending trunk the staff sustains before;
The face deep furrow'd, dim the humid eye,
And his moist palm of youth is cold and dry;

Each day [8] takes something ; still some hope denies ;
And say not that he lives, but that he dies.

Remembrance fades, as twilight tints decay ;
He asks to-morrow what he did to-day ;
Yet distant scenes in bright perspective rise,
As sun-lit prospects which the glass descries.
With tedious narrative old age proceeds,
Nor former words omits nor former deeds ;
Repeats the oft-told tale, and fond to tell
How Picton fought, or Abercromby fell :
Applauds himself in all he loves to praise,
The dress, the song, and dance of other days ;
Casts one look back ere yet he leaves the stage,
And gives a sigh to this degen'rate age.

As hapless Phoenix, boasts the shaft which stung,
And what amours enjoy'd when he was young.
The sense now blunted, still the wanton moves,
And 'tis but envy which the son reproves ;

Long-lost delights upon the wish intrude,
And love, in jest, beguiles decrepitude ;
The fumbling dotard seeks the virgin's side,
And only meets a nurse, who claims a bride.
As youth finds pain when joys no longer last,
Be thine the pleasure that the pain is past ;
And from distresses, as from transports, free,
Give thanks to God thou art at liberty.

Slow, timid, provident, confined the view,
Age looks again, and then adjusts anew ;
Precise, exact, each part in order laid,
And to the farthing bids the debt be paid :
Of prudent maxims keeps a copious store,
While habit takes the way she took before.
In youth so blest when new allurements came,
Seeks homebred ease, and now affects the same ;
The same old mansion long by time defaced,
And the same chair in the same corner placed ;

The jest familiar with the self-same friend,
And the same error will his zeal defend.
Revisits oft where youth some pleasure found,
And takes each day the meditative round;
In these grey walls his old acquaintance sees,
These moss-grown rocks, and venerable [9] trees;
Domestic here, each vagrant purpose pass'd,
Contracts the span, and lives at home at last.

Such and so weak when time by slow decays
Protracts this life to Patriarchal days;
Yet sometimes cherish'd to the utmost stage,
Strength still unwasted in a [10] green old age,
When pristine Nature seems herself to save
What temp'rance once to old Cornaro gave;
With heat of youth experience sage combined,
And made alike to lead or teach mankind;
As ancient Nestor now conducts the car,
 *orget*s his years, and braves the front of war,

Or calmly waits when rival chiefs engage,
And with a sober word subdues their rage.

He vet'ran chief who still sustains the state,
And once again makes Temple's name be great,
To mightier hands in turn to yield the sway,
When e'en longevity shall pass away,)
Attends at home, or sends the toiling mind
Remote as England rules or spreads mankind;
And rival Courts asserts his country's cause,
Lives freedom strength, and gains the just applause;
Think we how bent beneath the weight of cares,
When fourscore summers heap the load he bears?
Attend, he calls; these mix'd affairs, and then
A ride of twenty miles or walk of ten;
His young [11] companion boasts less sturdy stuff,
And thanks his Lordship, he has walk'd enough.
But heard to-night in bold debate engage,
At last his [12] wisdom hath betray'd his age.

These Isles long prosp'rous by his labour shows,
And tells each nation's annals in its woes;
What countries conquer'd, and what kings o'erthrown,
What states lay prostrate, while he raised his own,
O'er the broad earth assumed the Roman's claim,
And made the Briton's be no empty name.

Alas! to few these gen'rous gifts convey'd,
Our boasted best of life the first [13] decay'd;
Age comes confess'd, by gather'd griefs o'ercast,
And life an ill-made play which flags at last.
Yet resignation shall the balm supply,
And her cold comfort sad philosophy;
The blossom, fruit, the leaf next dropt away,
And men, too, stoop to natural decay:
Consign'd on earth a few short years to lie,
An insect race who shed the seed and die.

At least should time these angry heats assuage,
And patience mitigate the pangs of age.

Give length of days; he length of days obtains,
Gets fancied good, and of the ill complains;
The pleasure palls, denied the due respect;
The old have gone before, the young neglect;
Unsocial, petulant, assumes the sage,
Absurd of pride, and impotent of rage;
Withheld the wither'd hand, the tongue assails,
Or ceaseless dictate in the din prevails;
Sick of himself, with all the rest at strife,
And musty in the dregs his last of life.

Some hale old man, who to the soil inured,
And mod'rate ends by worthy means secured,
May view his modest home with tranquil eyes,
And take a holiday before he dies,
Pleased to look on while these the task pursue,
Nor envy in their prime the strength he knew;
Forgive the folly he no longer shares;
He had his day, and they will soon have theirs.

A second progeny around him runs,
And dearer than his own his children's sons;
These all assembling when the year renews,
The kindred crowd with inward pride he views;
Perhaps, long lost, the prodigal restored,
And more than festal plenty crowns the board;
The partial parent welcomes back the boy,
While pity sheds a tear through all his joy.

From dangers yet, and from disease thus free,
Who long has lived, (if long [14] on earth can be,)
In the last stage behold the man appears,
Bow'd down to earth, and hoary all with years,
Mopes idly round, can scarce the name recall,
And life deciduous awaits the fall,
By unperceived but sure degrees decay'd,
As Nature takes apart the work she made.

We die each day when slumber seals our eyes;
Revive again, and with the morn arise;

In the last sleep in equal rest remain,
And only 'wake not to these dreams again.
He makes the griefs he dreads whose doubts presage,
And robb'd a blessing of the golden age;
For though these fears so vast the gather'd sums,
This ill alone is felt not when it comes,
And who perchance had smelt a rose and swoon'd,
Revived to tell how deep the dreaded wound:
Death strikes with equal hand, nor more remains,
Of all our joys deprived, and all our pains.

Momentous day which last to earth we give;
For who would peaceful die must peaceful live;
And thither all the [15] wise their thoughts extend,
With that best precept to regard their end.
The good man thus, his part on earth complete,
Ill-will no more, not chance can now defeat,
With pride triumphal from the stage withdraws,
Smiles on the throng, and asks for their applause:

Trusts towards the skies to shape the promised flight,
And bask eternal in unclouded light,
Or, with the great, arise to fame again,
And live immortal mid the sons of men.

Stretch'd on the couch, and now mature to death,
In short convulsions check'd the lab'ring breath;
His mutter'd words have some dark tale begun,
The long lock'd treasure, or the deed long done,
Or far away the soul hath fondly stray'd,
Where life began, and where the child had play'd;
Till action ceasing, and suffused the eyes,
As with a deep-drawn sigh, at length he dies.

NOTES.

NOTES TO CANTO I

PAGE 13, NOTE 1.

'Tis Pain proclaims Man's strange nativity.

Hominem tantum nudum, et in nuda humo, natali die
abjicit ad vagitus statim et ploratum.

Plin. Lib. vii. in Proem.

PAGE 13, NOTE 2.

And wanting all things.

Tum porro puer, ut sævis projectus ab undis
Navita, nudus humi jacet, infans, indigus omni
Vitali auxilio, cum primum in luminis oras
Nixibus ex alvo matris natura profudit;
Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est,
Cui tantum in vita restet transire malorum.

Lucret. Lib. v. v. 223.

PAGE 14, NOTE 3.

*Next sound, taste, feeling, as the task assign'd,
Brings each its share, and amplifies the mind.*

Nihil est in intellectu, quod non fuerit prius in sensu.
Ex. Aver. text. in Arist. l. i. post Analic. 13.

PAGE 15, NOTE 4.

*She through the livelong night her brood bewails,
And with the mournful ditty fills the vales.*

Qualis populea mœrens Philomela sub umbra
Amisso queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes, detraxit ; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mœstis late loca questibus implet.

Georg. Lib. iv. v. 511.

PAGE 17, NOTE 5.

——— *with trudging step, and slow.*

——— *by timid steps, and slow.*

Dunciad, Book iv. v. 465.

PAGE 22, NOTE 6.

*Dear hallow'd seats ! and still what's'er our state,
Nor e'en forgotten by the wise and great.*

Quis est nostrum ———, cui non locus ille mutus ipse,
ubi altus aut doctus est, cum grata recordatione in mente
versetur ?

Cic. pro Planc. Cap. 33.

PAGE 22, NOTE 7.

Now stoop'd on the sad threshold of old age ?

————— ὄλοφ' ἐπὶ γήραος οὐδῶ.
Iliad. Lib. xxiv. v. 487.

PAGE 23, NOTE 8.

*For Holwood, loved retreat, the truant prays,
Where he sought birdsnests in his schoolboy days.*

Pitt had been accustomed when a boy to go a-bird-nesting
at Holwood, and hence (according to Lord Grenville) his
wish to possess that place ; which he eventually did.

Rodgers, Table-Talk, p. 113.

PAGE 24, NOTE 9.

——— *the rapid Sallust reads.*

Immortalem illam Sallustii velocitatem.

Quint. Orat. Inst. Lib. x. Cap. 1.

PAGE 24, NOTE 10.

——— *Naso's changing forms.*

——— *mutatas dicere formas.*

Ov. Met. Lib. i. v. 1.

PAGE 25, NOTE 11.

And who by Arms had conquer'd, Art subdues.

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes

Intulit agresti Latio.

Hor. Epist. Lib. ii. Epist. i. v. 156.

PAGE 26, NOTE 12.

——— *as Ancient structures rise,*

Compared with monkish mounds which shroud the skies.

A certain fantastical and licentious manner of building, which we have since called *Modern* (or *Gothic* rather), congestions of heavy, dark, melancholy, and monkish piles, without any just proportion, use, or beauty, compared with the truly *Antient*.

Evelyn, Miscellaneous Writings, p. 365.

PAGE 27, NOTE 13.

*A milder clime, where shine more mellow beams,
And softly temper'd between wide extremes.*

Τὸ δὲ τῶν Ἑλλήνων γένος, ὥσπερ μεσεύει κατὰ τοὺς
τόπους, οὕτως ἀμφοῖν μετέχει.

Arist. Polit, L. vii. C. vi.

PAGE 28, NOTE 14.

As when the Rhine in well-tuned verse arose.

*Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.*

Hor. Art. Poet. v. 17.

PAGE 28, NOTE 15.

The gather'd wisdom of three thousand years.

The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

Pope, Temple of Fame, v. 60.

PAGE 28, NOTE 16.

For vast is Art, and soon this life must end.

Ὁ Βίος βραχύς, ἡ δὲ τέχνη μακρὴ.

Hippocrat. Aph. Sect. i. Aph. 1.

PAGE 29, NOTE 17.

'Another, if thou canst, another stroke.'

παῖσον, εἰ σθένεις, διπλῆν.

Soph. Elec. v. 1415.

PAGE 30, NOTE 18.

*A Rival's voice for ever sounds his fame,
Who heard Demosthenes himself declaim.*

When Æschines, in exile among the Rhodians, had repeated his oration against Ctesiphon, they requested him to read that of Demosthenes in reply; which having declaimed with due emphasis, and all applauding it, "How much greater," said he, "would be your admiration had you heard himself!" Quanto, inquit, magis admiraremini, si audissetis ipsum?

Cicer. de Orat. Lib. iii. Cap. 56.

PAGE 30, NOTE 19.

*With long delays Herodotus can please,
And instant on himself Thucydides.*

Densus, et brevis, et semper instans sibi Thucydides;
dulcis, et candidus, et fusus Herodotus.

Quint. Orat. Institut. Lib. x. Cap. 1.

PAGE 33, NOTE 20.

*Of human hearts essay'd the dark abyss ;
(And what geology so deep as this ?)*

Θεσπίδης, Δηγοῖσιν ἀνωΐτων πολέων περ,
Οὐδὲν ἀφρασότερον πελεταί νόος ἀνθρώποισιν.

Herod. Vit. Hom. 16.

PAGE 34, NOTE 21.

And Boyle ———.

The great philosopher and scholar.

PAGE 34, NOTE 22.

'Tis solid labour makes the base of all.

Labour, in which consists all real power and riches.

Hume's Essays, Of Money.

PAGE 36, NOTE 23.

*Nor other Venus when the zephyr bore,
Seen by some youth who sigh'd along the shore.*

Apelles, having seen Phryne on the shore naked, drew that celebrated piece the Anadyomene, in which Venus appears rising out of the sea.

PAGE 36, NOTE 24.

*Or love itself extends a mellow shade,
And each broad blemish is a beauty made.*

Ἐρωτι πολλάκις τά μή καλά καλά πεφανται.
Theocrit. Eidyll. 6.

PAGE 37, NOTE 25.

He sees o'erflow the fountains of her tears.

The expression *πηγὰς δακρύων* may be found in the
Antigone of Sophocles, *verse* 803.



NOTES TO CANTO II.

PAGE 43, NOTE 1.

And keeps the outside grace of ignorance.

Les bienséances extérieures de l'ignorance.

Fontenelle.

PAGE 44, NOTE 2.

Shows a quick spark, and straight is cold again.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Shakspeare, Julius Cæsar, Act iv. S. 3.

PAGE 47, NOTE 3.

And soon responds the breathing alchemy.

Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy.

Paradise Lost, Book ii. v. 517.

PAGE 54, NOTE 4.

Or shifts the mask ——.

The ancient mask, covering the entire head, was sometimes made with a face at the back also, representing another character, which the mimus brought suddenly to the front at pleasure.

PAGE 55, NOTE 5.

With envy sees his brother beggar fed.

Καὶ πτωχὸς πτωχῷ φθονέει, καὶ αἰδὸς αἰδῶ.

Hesiod. Oper. et Dies. v. 26.

PAGE 56, NOTE 6.

Who knows his art, and likewise knows his trade.

It was said of Garth, a man of great benevolence, that no physician knew his art more, nor his trade less.

PAGE 56, NOTE 7.

His talk of beeves——.

How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and
that glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen, and is occupied
in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks?

Ecclesiasticus, Chap. xxxviii. v. 25.

PAGE 57, NOTE 8.

Joy'd in the change, and classified mankind.

Sic hominum genus est, quamvis doctrina politos
Constituat pariter quosdam, tamen illa relinquit
Naturæ cujusque animæ vestigia prima.
Nec radicitus evelli mala posse putandum est,
Quin proclivius hic iras decurrat ad acreis ;
Ille metu citius paulo tentetur : at ille
Tertius accipiat quædam clementius æquo.
Inque aliis rebus multis differre necesse est
Naturas hominum varias, moresque sequaceis :
Quorum ego nunc nequeo cæcas exponere causas,
Nec reperire figurarum tot nomina, quot sunt
Principiis, unde hæc oritur variantia rerum.

Lucret., Lib. iii. v. 308.

PAGE 61, NOTE 9.

——— *his mistress' arms.*

Marion de Lorme, the celebrated beauty.

PAGE 64, NOTE 10.

Who stopp'd half way to view the land of dreams.

——— *quam sedem Somnia vulgò*

Vana tenere ferunt ———.

Æneid., Lib. vi. v. 283.

PAGE 66, NOTE 11.

And ere he acts a hundred thoughts are lost.

And ere he acts a thousand steps are lost.

Pope, Windsor Forest, v. 154.

——— *Pereunt vestigia mille*

Ante fugum ———.

Stat.

PAGE 69, NOTE 12.

My friend, poor Rafter, his dear sister dead !

Alas ! They say Lord John designs to wed.

Verbatim from the Letter.

PAGE 75, NOTE 13.

And hurries to the deed, to fly the fear.

Tantum hominum imprudentiam esse, immo dementiam,
ut quidam timore mortis cogantur ad mortem.

Senec, Epist. xxiv.

PAGE 75, NOTE 14.

*As once Bellerophon indulged his pains,
And wander'd pensive through Aleian plains.*

Ἦτοι ὁ καππεδίων τὸ Ἀλήϊον οἶος ἀλᾶτο,
Ὅν θυμὸν κατέδων, πάτον ἀνθρώπων ἀλέεινων.

Iliad, Lib. vi. v. 201.

PAGE 75, NOTE 15.

Frequents with wolves, and howls along the graves.

Called Lycanthropy, or the wolf-madness ; also, Morbus
Bellerophonteus.



NOTES TO CANTO III.

PAGE 84, NOTE 1.

———, *or where Ilion stood.*

Et campos ubi Troja fuit ———.

Æneid. Lib. iii. v. 11.

PAGE 89, NOTE 2.

And thinks his gold more precious than his sleep.

Anacreon, having received five talents as a present from Polycrates, after he had spent two restless nights on their account, returned them, saying that they were not worth the anxiety which they occasioned him.

PAGE 91, NOTE 3.

This lord by title is the slave oppress'd,

And not possessing, but by wealth possess'd.

Procul dubio hic non possedit divitias, sed a divitiis possessus est: titulo rex insulæ, animo pecuniæ miserabile mancipium.

Valer. Max. Lib. ix. Cap. iv.

PAGE 94, NOTE 4.

*Be thine own friend, the fruitful present share,
Nor add another to the load of care.*

Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum.

Hor. Epist. Lib i. 18. v. 101.

PAGE 95, NOTE 5.

And, last, Authority hath crown'd his days.

Apex autem senectutis est auctoritas.

Cicer. de Senect. Cap. 17

PAGE 96, NOTE 6.

And, thine fair Tempe, be the lily brought.

The classic Akenside, who has given the primrose to Tempe, would no doubt have rather assigned to it the lily, had he known that there only has it been found native.

PAGE 98, NOTE 7.

And thus at ninety he recounts the tale.

Per il che io dico, essendo (per la Iddio gratia) giunto all' età di 95. anni, & ritrovandomi sano, prosperoso, allegro, & contento, &c.

*Discorsi della Vita Sòbria.
Del Sig. Luigi Cornaro.*

PAGE 100, NOTE 8.

Each day takes something ———.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.

Hor. Epist. Lib. ii. 2. v. 55.

PAGE 102, NOTE 9.

*In these grey walls his old acquaintance sees,
These moss-grown rocks, and venerable trees.*

Ingentem meminit parvo qui germine quercum,

Æquævumque videt consenuisse nemus.

Claud. De Sene Veronensi, v. 15.

PAGE 102, NOTE 10.

——— *a green old age.*

——— *viridisque senectus.*

Æneid. Lib. vi. v. 304.

PAGE 103, NOTE 11.

His young companion boasts less sturdy stuff.

Wickoff's 'Adventures.'

PAGE 103, NOTE 12.

At last his wisdom hath betray'd his age.

Inde illi post septimum et septuagesimum annum aurium
oculorumque vigor integer; inde agile et vividum corpus,
solaque ex senectute prudentia.

C. Plin. Epist. Lib. iii. 1.

PAGE 104, NOTE 13.

*Our boasted best of life the first decay'd ;
Age comes apace, by gather'd griefs o'ercast.*

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi

Prima fugit : subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus.

Geor. Lib. iii. r. 66.

PAGE 106, NOTE 14.

Who long has lived, (if long on earth can be.)

Rhæbe, diu (res si qua diu mortalibus ulla est,)

Viximus ———.

Æneid. L. x. v. 861.

PAGE 107, NOTE 15.

*And thither all the wise their thoughts extend,
With that best precept to regard their end.*

Tota enim philosophorum vita, ut ait idem, commentatio
mortis est. •

Cic. Tusc. Quæst. Lib. i. Cap. 30.

THE END.



